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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Pick Duty.

My apologies to Comrade Small, of Provincetown, for so long delaying his forcible exposure of the inefficiency of the government in its vaunted life-saving service.

Lombroso has been studying Luccheni, and finds in him all the signs of the criminal. A wag once sent a collection of photographs to Lombroso as material for his studies in criminology. The doctor had no difficulty in demonstrating that the originals were criminals of the worst type. Yet they were the most honest women in the world.

Mr. George E. Macdonald is requested not to be funny at my expense, unless he can either so clarify his wit as to make it transparent to his readers, or else educate his readers up to the level of his opaque humor. It appears that some weeks ago he launched a shaft at me, in consequence of which sundry "Truthseeker" devotees have been soberly circulating a report of my death, thereby causing no slight agitation to friends of mine living at a distance. It is well to be funny, but it is hardly safe to be *too* funny in the presence of a reader of the "Truthseeker."

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

To those Archists who oppose imperialism on the ground that it violates the doctrine that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" the imperialists point out that we already govern Indians, women, Chinese, and children without their consent. To any governmentalist acquiescing in government of these classes this ought to be a convincing answer. But the New York "World" tries to crawl out by claiming that Jefferson, when he wrote the phrase quoted, had in mind peoples, not persons, and that it is perfectly right to govern individuals without their consent so long as nations are not thus governed. It follows from this position that, if, in the process of evolution to a higher condition, the people of the United States should develop coincidently the love of liberty and the love of order to such an extent as to warrant them in allowing their national existence to lapse, and should thereafter presume to sustain, as individuals, the voluntary, complex, and harmonious relations that characterize a highly-developed civilization, it would then be perfectly right, and perfectly in accord with the Declaration of Independence, for an association of inferior beings, not yet developed out of the national stage,—the people of Spain, for instance,—to pounce upon the superior Americans, who had outgrown nationhood, and govern them without their consent. Is the "World" ready to face this logic? Imperialism or Anarchism,—that is the alternative The Anarchist is the only foe of imperialism who has firm ground to stand on.

"The great aim of every man," says Tolstoi, "should be to be served by others as little as possible, and to serve others as much as possible." It cannot be inadvisable to accept service from others, unless service is an evil thing. But, if service be an evil thing, it must be quite as objectionable to encourage others to accept it from us as to accept it ourselves from them. There is no sophistry that can enable Altruism to escape this logic. The truth is that measured exchange of service is the most beneficial thing in the world, but that unmeasured and unreciprocal gift of service, except those services current among equals as acts of courtesy, implies a condition of deplorable dependence. The great aim of every man should be, not to give as much service as possible, but to make it unnecessary to give any at all. The Tolstoian ethics are rooted in a false conception, unconsciously entertained, of inequality and dependence as permanent and desirable.

I have just published as a pamphlet of about forty-eight pages my argument against the New York special jury law, under the title "A Blow at Trial by Jury." Though not specifically Anarchistic, it is an effective document for general circulation, and will be found especially useful in awakening the interest of lawyers. My second pamphlet, now on the press and soon to be ready for delivery, will consist of the opening essay in "Instead of a Book," entitled "State Socialism and Anarchism: How Far They Agree, and Wherein They Differ." Sold at a low price in lots of one hundred copies, and carrying advertisements of Anarchistic literature, it is expected that henceforth it will be the principal factor in inducing thinkers to study the more elaborate expositions of the libertarian philosophy. Its publication will be followed, in January or February, by that of a third pamphlet, entitled "Are Anarchists Thugs?" to consist of "Ex-Attaché's" recent letter to the New York "Tribune" and my answer thereto, the latter being reprinted from the "Tribune" in this issue of Liberty. It will prove an eye-opener to those misinformed persons who suppose Anarchists to be madmen, and will be valuable for circulation among Congressmen whenever legislation for the suppression of Anarchism shall be proposed.

No definitive choice for the fourth pamphlet has yet been made; perhaps it will be Bellegarigue's admirable "Anarchy is Order," already begun, and yet to be finished, in Liberty.

The first edition of "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum," published in 1845 by Otto Wigand, appeared in an exceptionally fine shape; typography, paper, presswork, and binding were in the best style of the bookmaker's art. Copies of this edition are very rare and costly. Two subsequent editions now in the market have fallen below the excellence of the first. It is now proposed to get out an *édition de luxe* (in German) of this masterpiece of revolutionary and philosophical literature, limited and numbered, the price not to fall below twenty marks (five dollars) or to exceed twenty-five marks. The enterprise will depend on the number of friends it may enlist in the coming two years. Those wishing to subscribe are requested to address John Henry Mackay, Pestelstrasse 4, Saarbrücken, Rheinprovinz, Germany. It is greatly to be wished that the enterprise may be crowned with success long before the term set for it. Let those readers of Liberty, therefore, who intend to become subscribers to the *édition de luxe* of "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum" communicate with Mackay at once.

The shortest title on record may be justly claimed by Mr. C. L. Swartz, who has started a monthly periodical under the name "I." As may be inferred, it is an organ of Egoism. It is published at Wellesley, Mass., at fifty cents a year. In its make-up it is a succession of the editor's thoughts, strung without regard to subject, in which respect it reminds one of the sometime defunct "Paragraphs," differing honorably, however, in being thoughtful and earnest where its unlamented model was merely flippant and insincere. "I" is interesting (the reader must excuse this desecration of the memory of Lindley Murray; it is Mr. Swartz's fault) because its editor has something to say, is not afraid to say it, and generally says it well. The ground of my chief objection to it is its "improvement" on my end-space typography. Mr. Swartz gives the ragged edge to the left side of one column and to the right side of the next. To his eye this is beautiful (at least he says so with a sober face); to mine it is ugly in the extreme, merely a freakish burlesque of a new and good idea. And, as any printer will see at a glance, nearly all the labor-saving quality of my invention vanishes in this "improvement." Still, good luck to "I" (overboard goes the grammar again), in spite of its one folly.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A New Book on Anarchism.

"Anarchism: A Criticism and History of the Anarchist Theory," is the title of a work just published by the Putnams. The author is E. V. Zenker, but there is no publishers' note to enlighten us as to nationality and personality of the man bearing this name. The book is doubtless a translation, but even this is not stated. The work is honest and not unintelligent, and, though far from profound, the author has a tolerably comprehensive conception of the scope, importance, and significance of the movement described. There is a long and discriminating chapter on Proudhon, another on Stirner and the German Proudhonists, including Mackay and Mülberger, another on Bakounine and Russian influences, and a review of the present condition of Anarchism in Europe and America. Communist Anarchism is carefully distinguished from Individualist Anarchism, and the individualism of the Spencerian school is likewise duly differentiated.

In a word, the expository portion of the book is, in the main, fair and philosophical, while the critical portion is utterly without force or point. The standpoint of the author is that of a liberal and moderate individualist, —of a believer in political empiricism. He charges Anarchists with idealism and social mysticism,—with making a number of arbitrary assumptions regarding man and the social organism. It is but just to say, however, that his knowlege of Individualist Anarchism is derived exclusively from Mackay and Mülberger. He says: "I have been quite unable to procure any book or essay by Tucker, or a copy of his journal, Liberty, although several booksellers did their best to help me, and although I applied personally to Mr. Tucker at Boston." * When these efforts were made, we are not informed, but, had Mr. Zenker examined Poole's Index, he would have found references to several magazine articles on Anarchism, notably that of Prof. Osgood in the "Political Science Quarterly."

I shall here animadvert upon but a few of Mr. Zenker's statements and criticisms. Take, for example, his concluding paragraph:

> Anarchism may be defined etiologically as disbelief in the suitability of constituted society. With such views there would be only one way in which we could cut the ground from under the Anarchists' feet. Society must anxiously watch that no one should have reason to doubt its intention of letting justice have free sway, but must raise up the despairing, and, by all means in its power, lead them back to their lost faith in society. A movement like Anarchism cannot be conquered by force, but only by justice and freedom.

This, of course, is loose and empty talk. It is excusable in the average journalist, but not in the painstaking student. How can Anarchism be "cured" by justice and freedom, when, according to the Anarchistic philosophy, neither justice or freedom is compatible with government? By freedom the Anarchist means the liberty to do everything not invasive of the equal rights of others, and by justice the observance and enforcement of this equality of freedom. Since government, as a principle or institution, involves the denial of justice, it is evident that there can be no such conditions as Mr. Zenker pictures—of justice under government. The object of Anarchism is to abolish not certain particular abuses of government, but the institution itself, in place of which may be erected, for as long a time as necessary, a voluntary organization for the protection of all legitimate interests. Mr. Zenker may say that, if the grosser abuses of government were eliminated, Anarchism would make no converts and be a voice crying in the wilderness, for the majority of men would be content to live under a government practising the minimum of invasion. This, however, is a totally different proposition, which requires nothing more than a flat contradiction. What Mr. Zenker does say is simply meaningless or self-contradictory.

The author's lack of insight and acumen is also shown in his failure to grasp the essential difference between the Individualist Anarchists and the so-called Anarchist Communists. That there is a vital difference, requiring emphasis, he is aware, but he is unable to define it. That the anti-State Communists who prefer Anarchist principles are fundamentally inconsistent; that their belief in small despotisms, in "groups" founded on compulsory coöperation and force, makes them as thoroughly Archistic as the followers of Karl Marx themselves,—does not seem to have dawned on Mr. Zenker. Yet he has read Mackay's novel and his analysis of the points at issue between the Anarchists, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Communists who follow Bakounine and Kropotkine.

The chapter on "Anarchism and Sociology" sets forth the "wide differences which separate the purely sociological standpoint of Spencer from the unscientific standpoint of the Anarchists." Mr. Zenker is right in reproving those who call Spencer an Anarchist, and he has no difficulty in showing that the Spencerian belief in the compulsory protection of the State violates the very essence of Anarchistic teaching; but, when he undertakes to set up alleged irreconcilable divergencies between social Realists (the sociologists) and social Idealists (the Anarchists), he draws upon his imagination alone. He says that "those to whom society is a fact, a reality, only recognize an evolution that excludes any sudden leap," and that the vice of Anarchism lies in the idealistic assumptions with reference to man and society,—assumptions that lead to an exaggerated and naïve faith in mere intellectual teaching. He is generous enough to admit that Proudhon was an exception; that he grasped the evolutionary conception, and was free from the besetting sins of *a priori* philosophers. But he fancies he is laying down a proposition absolutely fatal to Anarchism when he repeats the Spencerian declaration that, until men acquire that strong sense of justice which lies at the root of social activity, greater personal freedom is impossible. It is evident that a closer acquaintance with modern Anarchism would have shown Mr. Zenker the utter inapplicability of his criticisms. Since he has no other, we are driven to the conclusion that, if he really understood Anarchism, he would find himself in accord with its cardinal doctrines.

Mr. Zenker is very just and severe in his strictures upon Dühring, who tries to belittle Proudhon and to claim an originality for his own alleged improvements upon Proudhonism to which he is not entitled. Dühring is opposed to the State founded on force, and, in place of Anarchism, has set up Anticratism, which, without overthrowing direction and organization, aims merely to do away with all unjust force. Upon this Mr. Zenker very pertinently observes: "We who know Proudhon know that what is here ascribed to Dühring is exactly what Proudhon taught as 'no government.'" Auberon Herbert's "Voluntaryism" is similarly shown to be indistinguishable from Anarchism. Speaking of Herbert's contention that the use of force even for defensive purposes by voluntary associations is inconsistent with Anarchism, Mr. Zenker says:

> Practically, Auberon Herbert's distinction of terms is merely playing with words, for the "voluntary State" which I can leave at any moment, from which I can withdraw my financial support if I do not approve of its actions, is Proudhon's federation of groups in its strictest form; perhaps it is even Stirner's "Union of Egoists." At any rate, Herbert, like Stirner, prefers the unconditional acceptance of the principle of *laissez faire*. . . . Carried into practice, Voluntaryism would be as like Anarchism as two peas.

The English of the last sentence is rather defective, but the remark is sound and unanswerable. I am sorry that the very next sentence mars the above criticism, and betrays Mr. Zenker into a self-contradiction. He says: "None the less, we must not undervalue the theoretical progress shown in the distinction. Herbert approaches within a hair's-breadth of the standpoint of sociology [meaning Spencerianism], and what separates it from it is not so much the logical accentuation of the social-contract theory as the indirect assumption of it."

How, pray, can Mr. Herbert be, at the same time, within a hair's-breadth of Spencerianism and within a hair's-breadth of Anarchism, when, as Mr. Zenker strenuously insists,—with

* "Applied personally" by letter, Mr. Zenker means. He probably is one of those unfortunates who have been swamped in the mass of my correspondence. I am sorry, and I offer him my sincere apologies. Yet I must add that his unsuccessful effort to obtain the most accurate information about Anarchism does not excuse him for criticising it without such information. The world was not waiting for Mr. Zenker's opinion. Still, to the extent that his work is good, he is entitled to our thanks.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

truth,—there is a great gulf between Individualism and Anarchism? If Voluntaryism is merely another name for Anarchism, then Herbert is no nearer "the standpoint of sociology" than Anarchism is, and his distinction, far from having theoretical value, is pure juggling with words.

Besides, if Mr. Herbert is a Voluntaryist simply because he believes in some sort of organization, and rejects Anarchism for the sole reason that it is opposed to any force whatever, then all Individualist Anarchists are Voluntaryists, and not Anarchists at all, from the Herbert point of view, for they all believe, with him, in some organization for some purposes. Mr. Herbert insists on giving the term Anarchism a definition wholly original with him, which no Anarchist accepts. This is absurd and gratuitous, of course, and, when the confusion resulting from this arbitrary substitution is dissipated, Mr. Herbert is seen to be an Anarchist. Mr. Zenker has not laid his finger on the source of Mr. Herbert's strange persistence in disclaiming fellowship with the Anarchists.

What, it is interesting to ask, would happen if Mr. Zenker should read "Instead of a Book" and subsequently be called upon to revise his work for a second edition? Not a single criticism could he honestly suffer to remain standing. It is not surprising that he has fallen into some errors; the surprise is rather that his errors are so few. He deserves commendation and congratulation on his partial success.

V. Y.

Are Anarchists Thugs? *

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR,—I note in your issue of November 25 a letter on "Suppression of Anarchism," from an individual who signs himself "Ex-Attaché."† After outlining the points to be considered by the international congress now in session at Rome to discuss means of dealing with the so-called "Anarchistic peril," he declares that the most vital question to come before it is the question whether people may be punished for "merely professing Anarchism," and he gives it as his view that they may. He tells us that "Anarchism is not a political creed, but a cult of crime, an association formed with the avowed object of outrage and murder;" that "there is nothing political about Anarchism, but that it is solely and entirely criminal;" that, once this is unanimously allowed to be a fact, "Anarchists can be hunted down, wherever found, and placed under lock and key;" that "the mere fact of belonging to the cult of Anarchy constitutes a crime," just as "the mere fact of belonging to the cult of Thuggery" in India "constituted a crime;" and that, just as "the English authorities either hanged or imprisoned for life every native that could be judicially proved to be a Thug, irrespective of the question whether he had committed any definite murder or not," so "it has now become the duty of the various governments, in their *rôle* of the responsible protectors of the people subject to their control, to shield them from the Anarchists, who are merely white Thugs, precisely in the same way as the English did in India."

In view of this extraordinary promulgation, I ask you and your readers to consider calmly with me for a few moments the two principal questions involved in it:

First—Is it true that "Anarchism is not a political creed, but a cult of crime," having outrage and murder for its avowed objects?

Second—Who, in the United States, are the "white Thugs" whom it will be necessary, in case the execution of "Ex-Attaché's" plan is decided upon, to either hang or imprison for life?

But it is proper that, before dealing with these two questions, I should show my qualifications to answer them with some authority, on the strength of knowledge gained by experience and accurate information.

I am an Anarchist. I was the first American—I may say the first Anglo-Saxon—to start (in 1881) an avowedly Anarchistic newspaper printed in the English language. I am still the editor, publisher, and proprietor of that paper. It is everywhere regarded as the pioneer and principal organ of modern individualist Anarchism. I either am, or have been, the publisher of the chief Anarchistic works in the English language. I am the author of the most widely-accepted English text-book of Anarchism. I have enjoyed the friendship, had the benefit of the instruction, and have carefully studied the works, of those Americans from whom the Anarchists have largely derived their beliefs—Josiah Warren, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lysander Spooner, and Colonel William B. Greene. I am the translator into English of some of the principal works of P. J. Proudhon, who was the first writer in any language to delare himself an Anarchist. I am acquainted, perhaps better than any other man, with the English-speaking Anarchists of the United States. It will be admitted then, I hope, that I speak by the card.

Now, to the first question. What is Anarchism—a political creed or a cult of crime?

Anarchism, as defined by Anarchists, is the belief in the greatest amount of liberty compatible with equality of liberty. In other words, the belief in every liberty except the liberty to invade. It is an implication of this definition that Anarchism aims at the abolition of government and the State; for government and the State, as defined by Anarchists, are debarred, by their very nature, from allowing the greatest amount of liberty compatible with equality of liberty, and are necessarily invasive, government being defined as the subjection of the non-invasive individual to an external will, and the State being defined as the embodiment of the principle of invasion in an individual, or a band of individuals, assuming to act as representatives or masters of the entire people within a given area. All the foregoing definitions are taken from the text-books. The purpose of Anarchism, then, is to put an end to every form of invasion, and to establish a condition of equal liberty.

The truth or falsity of this position is not now in question. The point at issue is: Is it a political creed? Certainly no sane man can answer that question in the negative. True or false, sound or unsound, it unquestionably is a belief, and a political belief. And it is this, even if it be a "cult of crime" also. Whether or not Anarchism is a cult of crime will depend, in the view of the believer in government,—and it is to him that I am now addressing myself,—on the means which Anarchists intend to employ for the abolition of the invasive State. If those means include violence and murder, then the believer in government may properly enough, from his point of view, consider Anarchism a cult of crime. But, if the means proposed are strictly peaceful, specifically excluding violence and murder as dangerous, futile, inexpedient, and absurd, then the believer in government, from his professed point of view, is bound to regard Anarchism not only as a political creed, but as an orderly and legitimate political creed, which every one believing it is entitled to expound without endangering thereby his life or his liberty.

What, then, are these means? Again I quote from the text-books, not giving chapter and verse, lest I may be suspected of making the "Tribune's" hospitality a means of advertising my wares:

> The right to resist oppression by violence is beyond doubt. Only one thing, however can justify its exercise on any large scale—namely, the denial of free thought, free speech, and a free press. Even then its exercise would be unwise, unless suppression were enforced so stringently that all other means of throwing it off had become hopeless. Bloodshed in itself is pure loss. When we must have freedom of agitation, and when nothing but bloodshed will secure it, then bloodshed is wise. But it must be remembered that it can never accomplish the social revolution proper; that that can never be accomplished except by means of agitation, investigation, experiment, and passive resistance; and that, after all the bloodshed, we shall be exactly where we were before, except in our possession of power to use these means.

And still again:

> The idea that Anarchy can be inaugurated by force is as fallacious as the idea that it can be sustained by force. Force cannot preserve Anarchy; neither can it bring it. In fact, one of the inevitable influences of the use of force is to postpone Anarchy. The only thing that force can ever do for us is to save us from extinction, to give us a longer lease of life in which to try to secure Anarchy by the only methods that can ever bring it. But this advantage is always purchased at immense cost, and its attainment is always attended by frightful risk. The attempt should be made only when the risk of any other course is greater. When a physician sees that his patient's strength is being exhausted so rapidly by the intensity of his agony that he will die of exhaustion before the medical processes inaugurated have a chance to do their curative work, he administers an opiate. But a good physician is always loath to do so, knowing that one of the influences of the opiate is to interfere with and defeat the medical processes themselves. He never does it except as a choice of evils. It is the same with the use of force, whether of the mob or of the State, upon diseased society; and not only those who prescribe its indiscriminate use as a sovereign remedy and a permanent tonic, but all who ever propose it as a cure, and even all who would lightly and unnecessarily resort to it, not as a cure, but as an expedient, are social quacks.

These quotations abundantly show that Anarchism, far from having outrage and murder as its object, deplores the use of force against the State in any form or at any time, and sanctions it only when freedom of the press has been absolutely suppressed and all peaceful means of restoring it have failed. This is the view taken by nearly all real Anarchists. If here and

* New York "Tribune," December 4, 1898.

† The editor of the "Tribune" changed the opening sentences of this letter, which originally read thus: "I note in your issue of November 25 a letter on 'Suppression of Anarchism,' from an unspeakable individual, who evidently considers himself such, since he does not sign his name. All that we know of his identity is that he is an 'Ex-Attaché;' but his character is abundantly revealed by his murderous proposals."

there a single individual takes another view and acts upon it, he finds no encouragement thereto in the creed of Anarchism, and he acts against the counsel and the judgment of nearly all his fellows. And, if any section of the party to which the slayer of the Austrian empress belongs—a party of Communists who incorrectly style themselves Anarchists—favors a policy of forcible revolution, this fact does not make it a criminal offence to belong to the totally distinct party of real Anarchists, who were the first to adopt the name, who descend from Proudhon in France and from Warren in America, and who are trying to achieve by peaceful means a condition of equal liberty.

The real Anarchistic party will not become a party of violence until "Ex-Attaché's" plan for its suppression shall be put into operation; in fact, it is he and such as he who are doing their best to transform a thoroughly peaceful movement into an organization for forcible resistance to oppression. Until he shall succeed, the means and methods of Anarchism will remain what they have been from the beginning,—namely, (1) education of the people to an understanding of the principle of equal liberty and its various applications; (2) peaceful combination of the people so educated, for the fullest exercise of their liberties in the spheres of industry, commerce, and finance—an exercise sure to result, in their view, in better economic and social conditions, in gradual removal of the causes of crime, and in what Proudhon happily called "the dissolution of government in the economic organism."

It is not true, then, that Anarchism is not a political creed, but a cult of crime. The truth is that Anarchism is not a cult of crime, but a political creed.

The first question answered, let us proceed to the second. Who are the active and avowed Anarchists of the United States? Who are the "white Thugs" whom "Ex-Attaché" would have the United States government either hang or imprison for life? I will tell him.

The Anarchists of the United States include:

First—Scores of lawyers. One is the active member of perhaps the leading law firm of the third city of the United States. Another was formerly the chosen legal adviser of the second city of the United States. These members of the bar would have to be transferred to the prisoner's dock, there to plead to a charge of Thuggery.

Second—Scores of physicians, of both sexes, most of them representing the so-called "regular" schools of medicine. One of them holds a high place in a New York hospital. These would have to expect from sheriff or jailer a bitterer pill than any they ever administered.

Third—At least three professional librarians, presiding over three libraries of large proportions—two public libraries and one university library. Their duties would presently be confined to the distribution of Sunday-school books to their fellow-convicts.

Fourth—Numerous teachers in public and private schools. One has been for years an instructor in one of the most prominent public schools in New England. Another, now teaching in a private school, had the reputation at his university of eclipsing in scholarship any member of the faculty. These, instead of bringing up more Anarchists, would find themselves brought up with a jerk at the end of a rope.

Fifth—One or two college professors. One, who occupies the chair of electric engineering in a well-known university, would perhaps be placed in an electric chair of another sort.

Sixth—A large number of journalists, filling high positions on the staffs of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, from Boston to San Francisco. Most of them, it is painful to admit, would rather write lies than live on bread and water. "Ex-Attaché" hopes to deprive them of their choice.

Seventh—Perhaps a dozen inventors of mechanical and industrial processes now in use, the patents on which are worth many thousands of dollars. These will probably escape the gallows, if they will consent to exercise their ingenuity, within prison walls, in devising means of subjecting a peculiarly Thuggish Thug, like myself, to torture of an exquisiteness heretofore undreamed of.

Eighth—A considerable number of engineers, civil, mechanical, and electrical; some of them of high rank in their profession, and deriving from its practice correspondingly high incomes. The noose awaits these dangerous men of science.

Ninth—Half a dozen architects of no mean repute. One of them was recently declared in writing by Professor Ware, of Columbia,—the highest American authority in this matter,—to be one of the only two available men within his knowledge competent to take charge of the department of architecture in one of the first universities of America. Another, though still young, has made a great name in his profession, his buildings being noted for originality and beauty. It is to be hoped that "Ex-Attaché" will allow each of these to design the gallows on which he is to be hanged.

Tenth—Several bankers, brokers, and operators in the market. One of these recently wound up the affairs of a national bank of which he had been appointed receiver by the government. The stock transactions of two others amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Between these men and the hereafter there is a very narrow margin, which, if "Ex-Attaché" has his way, will soon be exhausted.

Eleventh—Very many manufacturers and merchants, employing large numbers of men and rated A No. 1 by "Bradstreet's." One of these, a self-made man, who in a quarter of a century has risen from nothing to affluence, not only pays the highest wages, but gives half his profits to his employees; furthermore, he is engaged in the nefarious practice of teaching Anarchism to his employees, trying to make "white Thugs" out of them, and is much disappointed at the slow progress he is making in this direction. Fortunately, these men of standing and credit in their respective communities are presently to take a sudden drop.

Twelfth—Farmers by the score, among them large fruit-growers in California and Florida. One of them occasionally sends me a box of oranges. Consequently I especially regret to learn of the harvest of wrath in store for him.

Thirteenth—Government clerks. If these are hanged or sent to prison, their posts will be filled by others, who may become Anarchists in turn. Nothing so inspires disgust with government as an opportunity to closely view its workings.

Fourteenth—At least one policeman. This Anarchistic anomaly, in the prosecution of his duties as a member of "the force" in one of the largest of our cities, has arrived at a bad opinion of the law, which, as the poet assures us, will not become a good opinion when he "feels the halter draw."

Fifteenth—Artists of every sort—painters in oil, engravers, designers, musicians, composers, and poets; poets especially. "Ex-Attaché" will find it necessary to hang the poets. For them

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Sixteenth—Workmen in every craft—printers, plasterers, carpenters, machinists, etc. Generally the best in their craft and an honor to it. Some of them men of prominence and influence in their trades unions. These, too, will keep the hangman busy.

And, lastly, one or two millionaires. Ah! that will be a novel spectacle, O "Ex-Attaché"—a millionaire on the gallows! Truly, you are a masterhand at "propaganda by deed."

I would undertake to call, on occasion, in New York, from all parts of the United States, a delegate convention of five hundred representative Anarchists, which should be not only a perfectly orderly assemblage, but a gathering unsurpassed in point of character, and probably unequalled in point of intelligence, by any gathering of similar size ever seen in a public building on Manhattan island.

Seriously, does any man of sober judgment believe it possible either to hang or to imprison *en masse* such men as these? And, if the thing were done, where would be the Thuggery—on the side of the executed or on the side of the executioners?

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

New York, November 27, 1898.

"There is 'great rejoicing at the nation's capital,' so says the morning paper." I will wager my favorite stake of four dollars and forty-seven cents that no reader will suspect that of being anything but plain prose. Well, it is not prose, but poetry, or, at any rate, it is offered as such. It is the first line of the first poem in the first book of poems, so far as I know, written by my non-resistant friend, Ernest Howard Crosby. And, viewed as music, most of the other lines are like unto it. In other words, Mr. Crosby writes in Whitmanian verse. Now, imitation of Walt Whitman is a thing that I can't abide, whether attempted by Edward Carpenter, Horace Traubel, or Ernest Crosby. I do not think that Whitman has revolutionized poetry, or furnished a new model in verse after which others may successfully pattern. He was a great and singular character, whose double will never arise; and he wrote pages on pages of imperishable poetry, of a music all his own, as singular as himself. But he also wrote, in the typographical guise of poetry, pages on pages of absolutely unmusical prose, and every one of his imitators is as unpoetical all the time as the master is half the time. They never attain his heights, and they need not think to deceive us by the printer's trick of setting every sen-

tence as a paragraph with a "hanging indentation." So, with two or three exceptions, I should have liked Mr. Crosby's "War Echoes" better, had they been offered in the dress of prose. One of the exceptions is "Woman and War," which seems to me the best piece in the little collection. It has method, meaning, suggestion; it is picturesque; and, by effective symbolism it constructs an effective climax. Liking this most, I like least his "Russia and America," beginning "God bless the czar!" The czar with his peace-offering is as sly as a green-goods operator, and Mr. Crosby, in stretching out his hand for it, is as naïve as a Kentucky "come-on." Much as I hate Rudyard Kipling's nationalism, I confess that I find it refreshing to turn from "Russia and America" to "The Truce of the Bear." But, after all this is said, I find much to admire in these "War Echoes." While unable to denounce war as absolutely as Mr. Crosby does, I long with him for the time when war shall be no more; and these "Echoes" are resonant with a magnificent courage born of this aspiration. I pay Mr. Crosby a compliment as superb as it is sincere when I say that it is with his personality a little as it was with that of Wendell Phillips,—one cannot meet him on the street, or hear his rich and earnest voice upon the platform, without saying to himself: Here is a real man, a splendid specimen of the *genus homo*. And these "War Echoes" give one something of the impression which one receives from their author's personality.

After the election of Roosevelt to the governorship, Henry Weismann, who had supported him, was the favorite in the race for the commissionership of labor statistics. But it is evident that at the finish he will be classed with those who "also ran." Roosevelt, on being informed of his Anarchistic record, dropped him as Fellows dropped Pentecost—like a hot potato. And yet he's not so warm. I first met Weismann at Justus Schwab's saloon. Then he was talking Anarchism. He was editor of the organ of the bakers' unions, and in its columns advocated Anarchism as far as he dared to. He became a delegate of the bakers to the Denver convention of the American Federation of Labor, and there he lined up with Cohen, McCraith, and the other Anarchistic delegates, to defeat State Socialism, and place Anarchistic planks in the Federation's platform. But, though we had hopes of him, he never was a "plumb-liner." Presently he began to study law,—usually, though not always, the first step in an Anarchist's decline. Next he was coquetting with the Mugwumps, and stumping for Seth Low for the mayoralty. And last fall we found him a full-fledged Republican, out for Roosevelt and the stuff. Naturally Roosevelt slated him for an office, and it appears that, though he dropped him quickly, he did so with great reluctance. The "Sun" tells us that "Roosevelt liked Weismann because he had common sense, and had not the narrow view of labor questions that most walking delegates are possessed of." In fact, "in conversations with Roosevelt he conceded that capitalists and employers have some rights." But, in spite of this, Roosevelt had to drop Weismann, because he was, or had been, an Anarchist, and take up, in his stead, some labor politician as ignorant and narrow-minded as Roosevelt himself, and as ardent in chasing the dollar as Roosevelt in hunting fame. Were not Roosevelt essentially the shallow-pate that he is, he would not have been surprised to hear of Weismann's Anarchism, but would have seen at once that his Anarchistic schooling was the very thing that accounted for his philosophical breadth of view. But I am shedding no tears over Weismann. I am glad that we have lost him, and that he has lost the coveted office. Let would-be politicians take warning from his fate. They are not wanted in the Anarchist movement, and it is not for their interest to join it.

Since the appearance of the November number of Liberty I have received pledges in aid of the pamphlet work as follows: Andrew Hogg, Cincinnati, $15 a year; H. Walter Dörken, Montreal, $50 a year for five years; E. B. McKenzie, Boston, $10 for 1899. In addition I have received the following contributions: W. A. Smith, Boston, $5; James Robb, Boston, $2. This showing is encouraging, but I have reason to believe that the results would have been much greater, had not the post office, with its usual inefficiency, played havoc with the November issue. No previous issue had been as carefully wrapped and mailed; yet many subscribers never received the November number, and scarcely one received it promptly. For the information of those who failed to see it, I announce again that an Anarchistic fellow-worker has voluntarily offered and agreed to give me $500 annually, to be expended for the cause at my discretion, and that in consequence I shall be able to publish each year six eight-page issues of Liberty and a minimum of six pamphlets. All receipts through subscriptions, sales, and additional pledges will be devoted to additional book and pamphlet work. Thus new impetus has been given to the Anarchistic movement, and it is hoped that all who can will lend a quickening hand.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers of Dr. Zenker's book, did not send a copy for review to Liberty, the paper of all others to which this book should have been supplied. Moreover, when Liberty requested a copy for review, the request was refused. I regard this refusal as the tribute of niggardliness to honesty. The Putnams knew that Liberty wished to review the book. They knew that, so wishing, it would review it in any event, and fairly—without malice. They knew that a free copy of the book would not buy Liberty's good opinion, and that a refusal would not excite Liberty to an adverse opinion. They prudently saved their money, sold me a copy of the book, and have received the best review of it that has yet appeared. The Putnams are great business men, and I beg them to accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

Tolstoi declares that he will "never have faith in the sincerity of the Christian and humanitarian views of a person who has his chamber-vessel emptied by a servant." There are well-known disciples of Tolstoi in New York who are able to keep servants, and who, I presume, do keep servants and have their chamber-vessels emptied by them. I know them to be perfectly sincere people, and, if they adopt a line of conduct not at all points in keeping with their belief, they doubtless have good reasons for it. At any rate, I shall be the last to arraign anybody for inconsistency of private conduct with professed belief. But I much desire to know what these well-to-do Tolstoians, who surely are conscious of the sincerity with which they hold their beliefs, think of the charge of insincerity which their master prefers against them in a manner as amusing as unique.

While I agree almost entirely with Mr. Yarros's searching criticism of Dr. Zenker's book on Anarchism, it seems to me that he does that author too much honor. Around every movement there always hover a swarm of hack-writers on the lookout for material from which to manufacture "copy." In impudence, laziness, recklessness, and dishonesty they differ widely in degree. Dr. Zenker doubtless is one of the best of his class. He will be fair, when it is not too difficult to be unfair. But the class is, to my mind, a very unworthy one. To treat such writers respectfully requires more patience than I possess. A trifling instance of Dr. Zenker's carelessness is seen in his representation of John Henry Mackay as a millionaire,—the truth, easily ascertainable by Dr. Zenker, being that Mackay has no fortune at all, and lives most modestly and inexpensively.

"The Eagle and the Serpent," whose symbolic title is suggested by Nietzsche's statement that "the proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre," has gone bravely on during the period of Liberty's subsidence, and is now at its sixth issue. My general criticism upon it may be summarized in the remark that, while it gratifies my ears with an incessant repetition of the eagle's scream, it too seldom affords me the still greater pleasure of listening to the serpent's hiss.

"To believe that the trust can permanently exist in the United States," says Wm. J. Bryan, "is to believe that wrong committed indirectly and upon a large scale is less objectionable than wrong committed directly." On the contrary, Mr. Bryan; to claim that the trust should be suppressed by law is to claim that that which is right when done by a single person becomes wrong when done by two or more persons in voluntary combination.

The Ohio law giving the jury the right to decide whether a convicted murderer shall suffer the death penalty or be imprisoned for life, recently declared constitutional in the common pleas court, is a step in the right direction. In all trials the jury should fix the penalty as well as decide the question of guilt.

A New Industry in New York State.

According to the Cayuga "Chief," the enterprising village of Montezuma is growing rich out of the burning of fish-nets, in accordance with the new game law, which provides for the burning of nets before justices of peace, and gives the person taking them from the water a county order for five dollars. Nets are made of cheap mosquito-netting, costing fifty cents. They are placed in the river, then "captured," and taken to Justice Higgins, by whose directions they are burned. The captor gets his five dollars, and then more mosquito-nets are put in.

They Are So Dev'lish Sly.

"Why h'aint the people found them out?"
I'll tell yer, sonnie, why:
The reason is, without no doubt,
They are so dev'lish *sly*.
They wasn't all born yesterday:
They're uster blood and tears;
The rulin' class hev dun this way
For twict five thousan' years.

To hear 'em talk of God and Christ
You'd think they angels was;
But all this slobber, I've surmist,
Is jest to back their laws.
And then they wear such dickeys, tew,
And are so spruce and spry,
And go 'em and 'backer.—Whew!
They *are* so dev'lish sly!

Munopoly of money
By shettin' money down,
They've gut: and, talkin' honey,
They almost own the town.
Munopoly of land they hev,
Till liberty's most gone,
By gittin' ev'ry fule and 'nave
To vote the valyer on.

Munopoly of goods they've struck
By shettin' tradin' off;
Munopoly of haulin' truck
By hoggin' other stuff;
Munopoly of lies to tell
They *allers* hed. Gor-rye!
They'll git munopoly of hell,
They are so *dev'lish* sly.

William Walstein Gordak.

"Uncle Sam" as Life-Saver.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Liberty now has a home in the Provincetown public library, so that the people of this town may learn what Anarchism actually is and what it proposes to do, if they have the least disposition to post themselves on the subject. The latter part of last winter I addressed a note to one of the trustees of the library, requesting permission to place a copy of Liberty therein, and, after waiting several weeks, I received the following reply:

PROVINCETOWN, APRIL 22, 1897.

J. T. Small, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, with copy of Liberty, received. The trustees of the public library will be pleased to receive donations at any time, and your offer to supply Liberty for a year is accepted with thanks. Hoping that your example will be followed by other public spirited citizens,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

A. P. HANNUM.

The readers of this note will rightly judge that Mr. Hannum must be a broad and liberal-minded man. While not calling himself an Anarchist, he does not fail to note the destructive tendency of the legislation of these days.

His position is in marked contrast to that of the Rev. E. J. Riggs, who promised to burn without reading any further document that the Anarchists might send him, and who, had he been one of the trustees, would have used all his little influence against having Liberty placed in our library. It is to be hoped that this example of liberality and toleration, which is here recorded, will have the effect of opening the doors of like institutions in many other towns to this mighty advocate of Anarchism.

The United States Life-Saving Service is an institution which gets a vast deal of praise from the governmentalists. Once a year a long report is issued from the superintendent's office at Washington, telling how many million dollars' worth of property has been imperiled the past year and what a small percentage was actually lost; how many thousands of men were aboard the vessels, and how few of them were allowed to find a watery grave, etc.

But some things have happened to excite the suspicion of the mariners that everything is not all right, and I will relate a couple of incidents that have occurred in this vicinity during the past year. During the fearful blizzard that swept this coast on Dec. 23, 1896, the four masted schooner, Calvin B. Orcutt, Capt. Pearce, bound from Portland to Baltimore, in ballast, was driven ashore at Chatham, the vessel being a total wreck, while not a soul, of the total crew of nine men, was left to tell the story of their awful struggle.

The vessel was first sighted about 3 30 in the afternoon from North Chatham, by two men not connected with the Service, who at once notified the crew of the Chatham station of her dangerous position. The schooner, however, could not be reached by the crew at this station, owing to the fact that the water was so rough that they could not cross New Harbor in their boat. Such being the case, the next thing to do was to notify the crew at the next station north (Orleans) and have them proceed at once to the vessel's assistance, if perchance human aid could possibly reach her. A cable, carrying a telephone, is supposed to connect the two stations, but it had been broken for nearly a month, so that it was necessary to send the message by a round-about way: and it was 11 o'clock—seven and one half hours after the vessel was first discovered—when it was delivered.

The men at once took their apparatus, and started for the wreck, but, when they reached a point on the beach abreast the craft, it was too late to be of any service, for the crew had all been swept away.

A few days afterwards a government official was sent down to investigate the affair, but it was not until June 15 that his report was given to the public in one of the Boston dailies. The gist of this report was that, "if all the life-saving crews in the United States had been on Orleans beach that night, nothing could have been done towards saving the Orcutt crew."

But there is another side to the story. At the solicitation of many of his neighbors, Mr. George Eldridge, the veteran hydrographer whose marine charts are in universal use, and the making of which has given him a national reputation, made an extended examination of the wreck and the causes that led to it. The result of his labors were published in the Boston "Globe" of June 17. According to this letter, Mr. Eldridge found that the probable cause of the vessel getting ashore was the fact that the whistling buoy off New Harbor was a mile from its right position, and had been so for some two weeks; that, instead of pounding herself to pieces at her anchors on the bar, a long distance from the shore, the discovery of her anchors and chains proved that she must have broken up on the beach; and that, if the Orleans patrol had gone over their beat as they should, they would have seen the vessel in the afternoon or early evening. Mr. Eldridge closed his letter with the following four pertinent questions: "Why did not the Orleans patrol cover his beat on the evening of December 23? Why was the telephone cable connecting the Orleans and Chatham life-saving stations allowed to remain broken nearly a month? Why was there no telephone in the patrol-house on Nauset beach, as there is in each patrol-house on Chatham beach? Why was the whistling buoy off Chatham, New Harbor bars, allowed to be more than a mile out of position for about two weeks?"

He asked for "satisfactory answers" to these questions from "those in authority," but up to date none have been given to the public. In the "Globe" of July 16 appeared letters from the captain and two of the surfmen of the Orleans station, in which they assert that they did all that men could do on that eventful night to save the crew of the Orcutt.

Well, grant, for the sake of argument, that they did; we then have the affair of the whistling buoy out of its proper position for two weeks, and the telephone cable broken a month, and this, too, at a time of the year when wrecks at this point of the coast are of frequent occurrence.

Speaks well, doesn't it, for government management of organizations over which it has exclusive control. Is it to be wondered at that our mariners are getting a little shaky about the beauties of this institution, when they call to mind the fate of the Orcutt and her crew?

During the summer of 1896 a fine, new station was erected on one of the Provincetown beaches, and it was ready for the crew by the last of November, 1896. The captain was on duty, and the men who were to go there had been examined, and were waiting for orders to enter the station and assume their duties.

Days passed away, however, and no orders came; so finally a couple of the business men of the town wrote to Congressman John Simpkins, at Washington, to find out, if possible, what was the trouble. Perkins at once called on Superintendent Kimball, who is the head of the department, and that gentleman expressed great surprise to learn that the crew was not on duty. Within twenty-four hours instructions came from headquarters for the men to take their places immediately. Fine state of things, wasn't it, when this station stood all equipped for service for many days in the month of December,—the same month in which the Orcutt was lost,—and the chief of the organization didn't know that the men were not at their post. Perhaps it will be well for our State Socialist friends to give some heed to such warnings as these.

After being advertised for many months, a fine house, and land connected with it, were sold at auction the other day for $700. The place is taxed by our assessors for $1,600,—more than double what it brought at a public auction.

This is but one of many cases that I might cite to prove that real estate in this town is taxed far above its selling value in these days of "prosperity." No doubt this state of affairs will somewhat surprise the Single Taxers, who are continually asserting that real estate does not get taxed for its market value in any locality.

Only a few years ago Provincetown was the hailing port of a large fleet of vessels that were engaged in the cod, mackerel, and whaling industries. To day, however, it exists only in memory, for, while the prices of oil and fish ever tended downward, taxes, interest, and insurance travelled in the other direction, until at last the gap became so wide and deep that owners of the craft were forced into bankruptcy, and the vessels were sold for a mere song in many instances and carried to other ports. During the past two years many of the old whalers and decaying buildings have been torn down by their owner, in order to lighten their taxes. Considerable of the beach has already been purchased by city residents, with the intention of erecting thereon summer cottages, and the prospect now is that in a few years the town will be known as a famous watering-place. As this movement progresses, the places of the brave and hardy mariners will be filled with those who, in order to live, must sell their services to the wealthy, until our free and independent producers shall have vanished like the magnificent fleet of vessels.

J. T. SMALL.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS., OCTOBER 1, 1897.

The Power of Will.*

[Camille Mauclair in "L'Aurore."]

While Paris is restless; while feverish groups gather about the doorways of public halls at the conclusion of meetings; while anxious public opinion questions the newspapers; while an uproar proceeds from the populous suburban districts; and while in the streets, at night, the phantom of angry Justice is seen to rise slowly behind the massive walls and the path of the patrol,—in a lonely cell, perhaps beyond the reach of the murmurs of the masses, Colonel Picquart, tranquil, simple, silent, listens only to the counsels of his resolutely wilful soul.

He has been placed alone with his conscience; and there the two converse, sufficient unto themselves. They are unaware of the train of powder which has been lighted behind them, and which extends to the prison gate. They do not know that the people are rising, and that the clamor of the *prolétariat* is calling for their release. They hear in the darkness only the steps of the sentinels and perhaps the more furtive steps of those interested in watching. M. Picquart and his conscience look each other in the face, and are not afraid.

Yonder, at the end of the world, on the insalubrious rock, the despairing prisoner on Devil's Island also knows nothing, hears nothing, in his walled cage. He is unaware of the immense tumult that his name has awakened in the world. But he is innocent; his stern

* Written after the incarceration of Colonel Picquart and before the decision of the court of cassation to reopen the Dreyfus case.

will prevents him from dying. He, too, is alone with his conscience; he, too, looks it in the face, and is not afraid. The cell in Cherche-Midi, and the cursed cage thousands of leagues away, concentrate upon themselves the gaze of a people and of Europe. They hold two *solitaires*, two martyrs,—one a martyr of fate, the other a martyr of his duty. The one in the cell pities the one in the cage. But the one in the cage is unaware of the pity of the one in the cell. And Picquart's beauty of soul cannot relieve the despair in the soul of Dreyfus.

If Colonel Picquart retires within himself when twilight falls upon his chamber, he must find in the depths of his heart that peculiar joy unknown to all save men of resolute will. It is a rare joy,—the sense of having done, come what might, that which one wished to do. A nature at once implacable and delicate must enjoy this sort of satisfaction to the full, and derive therefrom infinite consolation. Colonel Picquart, on the eve of becoming the youngest French general, overwhelmed with distinctions, facing the fairest future in a career of which he was fond, has reached his present position, has undergone what he has been compelled to undergo, solely because, in the full exercise of his will, he had sworn to himself that he would follow his course to the end rather than participate in compromises, even by silence.

To this course he has brought the qualities of his character, a discreet elegance of attitude, an ironical generosity toward his persecutors (in relation to whom he has maintained a correctness and sobriety proportioned to their violence), an aversion to notoriety and to bluster in public, and a steady mastery of self, of which an instance appeared on the day when he heard Colonel Henry call him a liar; he has scorned to respond to abuse, to parry attacks with the counter attacks which his former position at the head of the information bureau has placed it in his power to use.

Nothing seemed to interest him,—neither praise or blame, neither the hisses of the spectators in the court-room or the insults heaped upon him by his former colleagues; he put all aside with a courteous and indifferent shake of his head, with a gesture of his slender hand. One would have said that it was another man whom these things concerned. And so he remained to the end, even to the day when the news of his transfer to Cherche-Midi reached him together with the charge of forgery. Calmer than all, he treated the matter lightly, a half smile playing about his lips. These natures of supple steel are thus tranquil and nonchalant. At the same time they are quick to melancholy and compassion. "Poor woman! Poor child!" That was all he said when told of his insulter's razor-stroke; instead of leaping with joy at the "new fact" which had come to wash away the affront and perhaps to open his prison doors, M. Picquart thought of Mme. Henry and her son.

But, outside of all this, as soon as the truth was in question, he dropped his indifferent air; regardless of his own danger, of his ruin, of the strain upon his name, he resumed his terrible, invulnerable, cold solidity, his mind armed, his conscience awake. The hatred, the mad rage around his inflexible nature, which this man has had to accumulate is beyond estimate. We see only a fraction of it. He and Dreyfus, persisting in protesting and in living, create a fatal nightmare for those who have imprisoned them, but of whom they are really the masters, since, even as captives, they compel their attention and their fear.

Colonel Picquart, from the very fact that he has done what he wished, and that he is developing an irreducible conception, without theories, without speeches, without politics, for his own personal account, incarnates a superior type of individual. He is now national; he has become an entity. To fight around his name is significant of a state of mind. Thus does the power of will create a magnetism around a being. In M. Picquart an example of energy is shown to the French masses. He has come, mysterious, saying little, asking nothing of anybody, and very simply he has done a natural thing,—he has told the truth steadily. That is enough to make him one of the considerable figures of our time, for his strength has stood the severest of tests,—that of resistance to the sluggishness of events.

If there is a lesson to be given to the masses, it is that of the existence of such men. Schools of will should be established among them. They should learn that one need not be affiliated to a party in order to struggle and grow. M. Picquart is neither a Socialist, or an Anarchist, or a revolutionist, or a preacher, or a tribune, or an aspirant for a seat in the chamber of deputies. He was an officer who loved his work and did it faithfully. What he saw he did not cry upon the house-tops, but, on the day when it became obligatory upon him to tell it, he told it, and all the pressure in the world could not alter his decision. Is it thought that he has known no inner struggles,—this man of cold exterior? Surely he has known them. He saw where all this would lead him, from the day when he was sent among the Touaregs in the hope that he would meet his death. But it was his duty to go on; he did not recognize his right to have inner struggles. And, with eyes fixed tranquilly on the façade of Cherche Midi, which he saw half opening for him long ago, he advanced. In this, more than in all else, he is admirable. An unprecedented drama forces us, and all Europe, to centre attention on two little jails containing two prisoners; yet they are more enormous than the greatest monuments, for in one there is the whole of human despair and in the other all the beauty of character. And around them gather and growl the passions and all the phantoms that people the soul.

To "Napoleon, professor of energy," whose maleficent cult the Cæsarians and the sceptics are restoring, we will oppose Picquart, professor of will, as an exemplary civic figure in democracy. He shows us the capacities of a human being who is master of his brain, his heart, and his nerves. He shows us that a man worthy of the name can be neither praised or insulted. Carlyle would have loved him with enthusiasm, and Alfred de Vigny would have shaken his hand in silence. He is truly the modern hero, the being steadily in accord with himself. And, when he meditates far from our agitations, he is happy, because he sees within him only thoughts that are pure. He will never be so great or so strong as in that cell, to which his presence lends honor, and in which he sits in judgment on himself.

Above Social Forces.

[Henry Leyret in "L'Aurore."]

I hate society. It is the triumph of hypocrisy, of violence, of falsehood, of crime. The pharisees and the prevaricators direct it against all justice, against all truth. It puts Jesus on the cross every day. It must be destroyed.

Society takes everything from us, owes everything to us; we owe it nothing. The social compact is a decoy. It is imposed on us by force, from our first wail to our last sigh. We have never signed it. We accept it through ignorance. We endure it through cowardice. It must be torn up.

No more than we are responsible for our fathers' errors are we responsible for their submission to the spirit of slavery. Beyond affection,—if they succeed in deserving it,—we have not to retain any feeling for them which is of a nature to enchain us or diminish us. To profess such and such opinions, to practise such or such a religion, because these were the opinions and the religion of our fathers,—that is simply ridiculous; it is a more serious matter to bend our necks to the social yoke because they accepted it with resignation. It must be shaken off.

Born free, we must live as freemen. Laws are chains. There would be some excuse for them if they guaranteed us against the caprices of our oppressors. But, from the cabinet minister to the humblest clerk, they defy them with impunity, and no magistrate has the courage to enforce them against them. They must be altered or abolished.

The free man is virtuous in essence. The individual who is virtuous only through fear of the policeman is the worst of criminals. To obey only one's conscience, paying no heed to society's commands, is the sublimity of virtue. Conscience should be the sole motive of our acts. It weakens under the weight of traditions, of prejudices, of sophistries. It must be freed and enlightened.

Traditions, religions,—sources of error, schools of slavery. Adoration of the Gods disposes people to respect for ephemeral ideals. Respect for the past binds them in the present. The reason subjected to dogmas, the individual is fashioned for servitude. Traditions, religions,—by these liberty is lost. They must be rejected.

Science, on the contrary, teaches love of truth. It takes all human actions back to the laws of nature. It denounces the folly of societies organized for the triumph of the strongest. It is the torch that pours light into enslaved minds. It must be spread.

The Idea is sovereign. It makes the most miserable man the equal of the proudest among the powerful. Neither wealth or Power is worth the joy of thought. Mind defies tyranny. It examines it, it criticises it, it scoffs at it, it kills it. If society should multiply laws, police, prisons, and punishments, it would remain always and constantly, though the world should exist for millions of years and millions of centuries,—it would remain eternally disarmed against the Idea. The Idea should be the sole law of the free man. It must be defended.

Force is our great enemy. It is the negation of Intelligence. It claims of collectivities passive and absolute obedience. It imposes such obedience upon them by violence, in contempt of the rights which ought to make the individual invulnerable, sacred. Force is Crime itself. It must be fought to the death.

Though it adorn itself with glittering tinsel, plumes, crosses, and stripes, Force remains contemptible. Service of country is scarcely an excuse. To employ one's life in preparing to murder one's fellows is an outrage on humanity. It is the executioner's trade. What *citizen* would feel honored in being an executioner? "Country" is not elevated by hecatombs. It derives its true glory from *savants*, thinkers, artists, educators of youth. The smallest discovery has more effect than the most terrific battle. The greatest conqueror is less estimable than the obscurest worker. The military spirit is fatal to progress, to public tranquility, to liberty. It must be annihilated.

To respect neither the sword or the toga more than the president's swallow-tail or the parliamentarian's Prince Albert; to respect only Reason, Conscience, the Idea,—this is the price of deliverance. The soldier is the servant of Force; we despise him. The magistrate is the doer of society's vengeance; we recognize in no man the right to judge his fellow. The parliamentarian is the follower of the blind passions of the crowd; we cannot put up with these cowards. The president is the domestic of the politicians; representing them while serving them, he embodies their basest passions at the same time that, placed at the summit of the social hierarchy, he personifies social crime. These people must be despised that we may the better learn to do without them.

These people are the profit-makers, the exploiters, the oppressors. They deceive us, they rob us, they murder us. Their arbitrary power is the product of society. They are what it makes them. As it can live only by injustice and falsehood, they are ever in league against justice and truth. For this reason, to combat them is to make war on the society of which they are the direct instruments; the gain is two-fold. Independent men, therefore, can have no hesitation when it comes to a conflict between free spirits and the pillars of authority. Rebels by reason or by temperament, they must take their position with the free spirits above social forces; thereby they may be certain of serving humanity, justice, revolutionary force.

The Apostate of the Free Spirit.

Comrade George Schumm, in sending me the following translation made by him from Nietzsche's "Morgenröthe,"—*apropos* presumably of my attitude toward the Pentecosts and the Georges,—truly remarks that "it is a stone that will hit many birds":

Who has any aversion against the pious and the strong in faith? On the contrary, do we not regard them with a quiet respect and a feeling of joy, and deeply regret that these excellent people are not of our way of thinking? But whence comes that profound, sudden, groundless revulsion of feeling against the man who once *had* all the freedom of spirit and who in the end *became* a "believer"? When we consider the matter, we feel as if a revolting spectacle had been enacted before our eyes which we must quickly wipe from the soul! Would we not turn our back upon the most venerable man, if in this respect he became suspicious to us? And this indeed not from

a moral condemnation, but from a sudden disgust and shudder. Whence this intensity of feeling? Perhaps we shall be told that at bottom we are not quite sure of ourselves? That we set about us betimes thorn-edges of the sharpest contempt, in order to make it impossible for us to leap over our own contempt in the decisive moment when old age makes us weak and forgetful? In all sincerity, this supposition is false, and he who makes it knows nothing of what moves and determines the free spirit; how little to him does the *change* of opinion in itself appear as contemptible! On the contrary, he reveres in the *ability* to change one's opinions a rare and high distinction, especially if it continues unto old age! And his ambition (and *not* his pusillanimity) aspires even to the forbidden fruits of the *spernere se sperni* and the *spernere se ipsum*; while the fear inspired thereby in the vain and the comfort-loving is with him entirely out of the question! In addition to all this, the thesis of *the innocence of all opinions* is as certain to him as the thesis of the innocence of all actions; how could he turn judge and executioner before the apostate of intellectual liberty! The aspect of this apostate rather affects him as one afflicted with some loathsome disease affects the physician; the physical disgust engendered by the spongy, soft, overgrowing, festering masses dominates for a moment the reason and the will to help. Thus our good will is overcome by the thought of the enormous *dishonesty* which must have operated in the apostate of the free spirit,—by the thought of a general degeneration affecting the very frame-work of the character.

An Undelivered Speech.

The following correspondence explains itself:

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1898.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

The Alexander Berkman Defence Association is making an attempt and moving heaven and earth to have our friend, Alexander Berkman, pardoned.

It becomes necessary to plead with Mr. Carnegie, and solicit his aid for that purpose. Mr. Carnegie is reported to be in New York at present.

Will you kindly coöperate, select others you may choose, and act as spokesman?

If so, we will ever pray, etc.

Fraternally yours, for the committee,

JUSTUS SCHWAB.
ED. BRADY.
EMMA GOLDMAN.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1898.

To Justus Schwab, Ed. Brady, and Emma Goldman, representing the committee of the Alexander Berkman Defence Association:

FRIENDS,—Answering your letter of December 7, honoring me with an invitation to act as your spokesman on the occasion of a proposed visit to Mr. Andrew Carnegie to solicit his aid in securing the release of Mr. Alexander Berkman, I hereby gratefully accept your trust, and I submit herewith a draft of the remarks which it is my intention to make to Mr. Carnegie, should the plan be carried out in the manner proposed.

I beg to add that, should the tenor of these remarks prove unacceptable to you, a withdrawal of your invitation would be received by me in perfect good part.

Awaiting your pleasure, I am

Yours sincerely,

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Mr. Carnegie:

Mr. Alexander Berkman, who is now serving a sentence in a Pennsylvania prison for an attempt to kill your business partner, Mr. Henry C. Frick, in 1892, and the Alexander Berkman Defence Association, which is seeking to shorten that sentence, have asked me to solicit, on their behalf, the exercise of your influence with the Pennsylvania pardoning power, to the end that Mr. Berkman may go free. In compliance with their request I come to you.

You, in considering this petition, will be largely influenced, and very properly, by the attitude of your petitioners. In determining what that attitude is, you surely will take it for granted, as I take it for granted, that they approach you as penitent sinners, asking forgiveness and seeking remission of penalty. Their very appearance before you, in person or by proxy, on such an errand, must be taken to indicate that what they once regarded as a wise act of heroism they now regard as a foolish act of barbarism; that the method of reform by violence which they once thought efficacious they now think futile; that they keenly regret the attempt upon the life of Mr. Frick; that the six years of Mr. Berkman's imprisonment have convinced them of the error of their ways; and that henceforth they will neither commit, counsel, or approve any acts of violence whatsoever. Any other explanation of the prayer of these petitioners is inconsistent with their lofty character. Certainly it is not to be supposed for a moment that men and women of their courage and dignity, after shooting a man down deliberately and in cold blood, would then descend to the abject and basely humiliating course of begging their victim and his friends to leave them the freedom to assault him again. It is obvious, then, that they come here to-day in an attitude of sincere repentance,—no longer as reformers, but as reformed, and asking for liberty as a reward of their reformation. Now, sir, you are too close a student of social problems to need any argument of mine to convince you that punishment of the truly penitent is not politic on the part of society. In thus establishing the reality of their contrition, I am sure that I have commanded your assent to their petition.

But I cannot close without saying another word, no longer as their spokesman, but for myself. My own attitude in asking you to favor mercy for Alexander Berkman is not that of these petitioners. I do not appear here to-day as a repentant sinner. In my record on this matter there is nothing for which I have occasion to apologize. I reserve all my rights. In the past, in the exercise of my liberty, I have refused to commit, counsel, or sanction violence, but, since circumstances may arise when a policy of violence will seem advisable, I decline to surrender my liberty of choice. I have never so much favored force as to attempt assassination, and I have never so much opposed force as to be willing to pledge myself never to resort to it. If I, then, ask your intercession in favor of Mr. Berkman, I do so without occasion for penitence or promise, and less in his interest (although I shall be glad to see him free again) than in your own and that of good order, hoping that such a concession on the part of those who now have him in their power will lessen the temptation to a renewal of the policy of violence, and will induce a state of public feeling that will insure enlarged opportunity for that peaceful evolution of opinion which alone can avert social upheaval and all its attendant terrors. And, each in his respective way, your petitioners will ever pray.*

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1898.

Mr. Benj. Tucker:

DEAR SIR,—Prompted by humane feelings, we may perhaps have gone too far to invite *you* to so excite the sympathy of Mr. Carnegie in an act of justice,—*viz.*, the pardon of Mr. Alexander Berkman.

We will by no means enlist the aid of Mr. Carnegie, the author of "Triumphant Democracy," from your point of view, and therefore respectfully beg to withdraw the invitation sent you.

Sincerely yours, for the committee,

JUSTUS H. SCHWAB.
EDWARD BRADY.
EMMA GOLDMAN.

*It should be stated that my representation of the attitude of the petitioners does not justly apply to such of them as have steadily discountenanced propaganda by deed from a day ante-dating Berkman's act of violence. Justus Schwab certainly is one of these exceptions; perhaps Edward Brady also.

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